

## CHEAP REPOSITORY



# KING DIONYSIUS AND SQUIRE DAMOCLES;

A New Song on an Old Story.

Proper to be sung at all Feasts and Merry-makings.

**T**HREE was a heathen man, sir,  
Belonging to a King ;  
And still it was his plan, sir,  
To covet every thing.

And if you don't believe me,  
I'll name him if you please,  
For let me not deceive ye,  
'Twas one Squire Damocles.

He thought that jolly living  
Must every joy afford,  
And knew of no misgiving,  
While round the festive board.

He wanted to be great, sir,  
And fed on fare delicious,  
And have his feasts in state, sir,  
Just like King Dionysius.

The King, to cure his longing,  
Prepar'd a feast so fine,  
That all the Court were thronging  
To see the Courtier dine.

And there to tempt his eye, sir,  
Was fish, and flesh, and fowl,  
And when he was a-dry, sir,  
He had a brimming bowl.

Nor did the King forbid him  
From drinking all he could ;  
The Monarch never chid him,  
But fill'd him with his food.

O then, to see the pleasure  
Squire Damocles express !  
'Twas joy beyond all measure ;  
Was ever man so blest ?

With greedy eyes the Squire  
Devour'd each costly dainty ;  
You'd think he did aspire  
To eat as much as twenty.

But just as he prepar'd, sir,  
Of bliss to take his swing ;  
O, how the man was scar'd, sir !  
By this so cruel King !

When he to eat intended,  
Lo ! just above his head,  
He spied a sword suspended  
All by a single thread.

How did it change the feasting  
To wormwood and to gall,  
To think, while he was tasting,  
The pointed sword might fall.

Then in a moment's time, sir,  
He loath'd the luscious feast ;  
And dreaded, as a crime, sir,  
The brimming bowl to taste.

Now, if you're for applying  
The story I have told,  
I think there's no denying  
'Tis worth its weight in gold.

Ye'gay, who view this stranger,  
And pity his sad case ;  
And think there was great danger  
In Damocles's case ;

Come let this aweful truth  
In all your minds be stor'd ;  
That DEATH o'er every youth  
Hangs like a pointed sword.

And tho' you see no reason,  
To check your mirth at all ;  
In some sad drunken season  
The sword on you may fall.

So learn, while at your ease  
You drink down draughts delicious,  
To think of Damocles,  
And old King Dionysius.

